

Blues Traveler, You Can't Stop Thinking About Me

The kiddie ride just keeps turning round and round
At first never failing to amuse
We grow tired and dismount

Houses made of cards leave no debris when burning to the ground
But alas people leave slews of residues
Too residual to count

And there's no known preparation for this kind of a thing
And it don't much matter what kind of game you bring
You can take excursions around the world
From the mountains to the sea
You're coming back to the same dilemma
You can't stop thinking about me

When you wake in the morning for a second you'll wonder if I'm there
Issue your final warning by noon
Reassert that you don't care

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Don't think I don't believe you for I know that feeling all too well
But sometimes in our best desires come secrets
We may never tell

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Go ahead and try